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# WOMAN'S WORK

## A FOREIGN MISSIONS MAGAZINE

Reasonable Optimism

When I Was President

SEP 21 1922
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

VOL. XXXIII No. 1

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## Subjects for Auxiliary Meetings, 1918

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|---|---|
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| FEBRUARY | Chosen. |
| MARCH | Japan. |
| APRIL | Africa. |
| MAY | Latin America. |
| JUNE | Philippine Islands. |
| JULY | Review of the year—The Home Base—Orientals in the U. S. A. |
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| SEPTEMBER | India—Home Base—Outlook for the Year. |
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# WOMAN'S WORK

*A Foreign Missions Magazine*

VOL. XXXIII NOVEMBER, 1918 No. 11

Lake in His Majesty's private park, Bangkok. New Throne Hall in the distance. Photo. given by Mr. Steele.

The United States Government has requested all periodicals to plan if possible a saving of fifteen per cent. in their use of paper for the coming year. Many magazines and weeklies are cutting off their entire exchange list, others are still further reducing their size. Woman's Work is adopting a mechanical addressing process which will eliminate the use of wrapping paper. As one detail of conservation may we again urge on our subscribers the necessity of extreme care in sending us exact names and addresses? These are recorded in our office precisely as received and almost all the complaints received of the non-arrival of the magazine are due either to some inaccuracy in the order or to the slow delivery of magazines by the postal system. It is difficult for those unfamiliar with the circulation business to realize how far in advance of their receipt of the magazine everything in connection with its delivery is done. For instance, a request comes for a change of address, to take effect with the October number, on September twenty-seventh. By that date the subscriber's October number has been mailed to her, the entire issue is out of our hands and November is in active preparation. Unless some mistake has been made in this office we cannot now send duplicate copies, as our small subscription price scarcely covers the cost of the regular issue.

---

In our last Siam number, May, 1917, appeared a picture of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dodd and Dr. Mason standing by the map which showed the location of the new station at Chieng Rung. to which they were going from Chieng Mai. The new post is in southern China, over the border from Siam, in the province of Yunnan. Mrs. Mason writes that the life there is altogether different from that in Siam. Mr. Beebe had been the *avant courier* of the larger party of missionaries and had prepared a sort of house for them, with bamboo floor and thatched roof, besides doing much preliminary evangelistic work. When the party arrived last February work-

men were still weaving the house walls, but services were soon started in the open dining room. Men came from as far away as a two-days' journey to see these strange new teachers, and a less welcome visitor was a tiger, who carried off a large mother-goat from the pen not fifty feet from the house. In a later issue we hope to give more details of the adventurous journey to this remote station and the beginnings of work there.

---

A CHINESE CONVERT stated: "I am now reading the Bible and behaving it!" In the same class with him may be put a young Buddhist ex-priest who came to Dr. Peoples in Nan as an inquirer some years ago—eagerly seeking light on the new religion. Under Dr. Taylor, who was conducting a training class, the young man studied the fundamentals of the Christian religion. After two weeks he declared himself satisfied of its truth and asked for baptism. When he had received further instruction he was admitted to the church and through his personal efforts twenty people were brought to Christ, including his own parents and family. He is now studying in the theological school in preparation for the Christian ministry.

---

NOTICE, in our list of Siam missionaries, that the name of Tap Teang, our farthest south station, has been changed by the Siamese Government, and is now Trang.

---

WE WISH for space in which to quote at length from an article in the June *Missionary Review of the World,* entitled *A Modern Apostle of Siam,* written by Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown as a memorial of the late Dr. Eugene P. Dunlap. Since Dr. Dunlap passed away last April countless testimonials have been received from Siam of the immeasurable value of his services to that country. From Dr. Brown's comprehensive article we quote briefly:

"Dr. Dunlap was an indefatigable itinerator, and Siam is not an easy country in which to itinerate. He toured among the villages far in the interior where there were no wagon roads, nothing but mere paths, usually rough ones at that. He had to travel on elephants, or on ponies, or afoot, through vast jungle forests, over mountains or through rivers. The climate is hot, humid and debilitating. Such tropical diseases as cholera, dysentery and malignant malaria lurk on every hand. Mosquitoes swarm in millions, and while the people are uniformly kind and hospitable, the jungles through which he traveled, and amid which he often camped at night, abound in tigers, serpents, wild elephants and other unpleasant prowlers. But nothing could daunt the evangelistic zeal of this devoted missionary. He wrote, 'We travel in the Mission schooner *Kalamazoo* from two to four months of the year; by coast steamer, often going deck passage because there are no cabins; by native sailboats, canoes, buffalo carts, on elephants and on foot, long distances. . . . Some roughing it, 'tis true, but the joys of the work hold us over the rough places!' Near the end of a furlough Dr. Dunlap wrote, 'We are now packing for Siam. Oh, but it will be joyful to return to the Master's work in beloved Siam!' His physicians frankly advised him that his remaining time on earth was likely to be short, but he pleaded to be allowed to return and to die among the people whom he loved and for whose evangelization he had consecrated his life. . . . When he reached Bangkok he was welcomed with glad acclaim by the whole city. Missionaries, foreigners in diplomatic and commercial life, and Siamese, from the King to the man in the street, showed him signal honor. His Siamese friends of their own accord had raised a fund with which they had purchased a comfortable residence for him in Bangkok, and they besought him to make that his home for the remainder of his days. He replied, 'Yes, but I must be at liberty to visit the jungles when I feel that I must carry the Gospel to regions beyond.'"

---

A FINE LETTER, in beautiful and clear handwriting, came recently to the Editor from a long-time Western subscriber, now *eighty-nine* years old. The writer expresses vigorously her disapproval of church women who "relegate the missionary society clear out of sight for war activities. I can hardly speak of them with any kind of patience! I give to the Red Cross, and it is fine, but if the women of our churches had been as actively engaged in missionary work as they are now in Red Cross work, and the great Church of Jesus Christ herself had been as faithfully fulfilling her mission of hu-

manity as many of her ministers are now doing in Y. M. C. A. and other work among soldiers, there would have been no need for all these special efforts. . . . Though expenses have increased so appallingly in every direction, I mean to give more to our missionary auxiliary than usual—and give to the Red Cross, too!"

---

Under the auspices of the American and Syrian Relief Committee it is planned to send out, if possible late this autumn, another party of Presbyterian missionaries to assist in relief work in Persia, which still presents a task of overwhelming magnitude. It is expected that the group will include such tried workers as Rev. and Mrs. Chas. R. Pittman, Rev. H. A. Muller, Miss Lillie Beaber, Miss Helen Easton, formerly a nurse in the W. Persia Mission, and some others. In our December issue we hope to give our readers a summary of existing conditions in Persia from the competent pen of the Rev. Dr. F. G. Coan of Urumia, now in this country.

---

We quote from *The Missionary Visitor*, the magazine of the women of the United Brethren, a paragraph so startling as to be almost incredible in this twentieth century:

"An exchange from the South reports the existence of a small body of believers (?) in that part of the country who have on their minute books this bit of 'ante-dated' theology: 'This association disclaims all connection with any missionary society, by whatever name it may be called. No church shall hereafter be admitted into this union until she shall have first produced satisfactory evidence of her being opposed to all missionary schemes.'"

## A SIAM MOUNTAIN TOP

Hazel E. Brunner

He led me far from native land
And friends to roam,
But He was there, He held my hand
And it was home!

And we walked out at early morn,
My Lord and I,
To greet the day all newly born
'Neath Orient sky.

He touched my sleep-dewed eyes that I
Might look and see
The wondrous pictures of a sky
He spread for me.

And up the mountain's rugged side
From plains below,
On soft, warm winds His clouds did ride,
Gleaming like snow.

The distant range in misty blue
With sunshine splashed,
Seemed but some dream of heavenland hue
That earthward flashed.

He touched my ears that I might hear
The bird's glad thrills,
And breezes sighing far and near
To listening hills.

The crisp, brown leaves soft music made
'Neath wandering feet,
And every happy insect paid
Song tribute sweet.

Incense from morning's altar stone
Rose on the air,
And with it, to His heavenly throne
My morning prayer.

---

A memorial service to Dr. E. P. Dunlap was held in the large audience hall of the Boon Itt Memorial Institute. . . . Two Royal Princes, brothers of the former King, who had places of honor on the platform, gave a sincere and beautiful testimonial to the unselfish life that Dr. Dunlap had given to the good of Siam. The Minister of Education also spoke. It was good to hear expressions from these high in authority. But I think even more than these we *Christian* workers appreciated the way in which our earnest evangelists pointed out the motive power that ruled Dr. Dunlap. With almost the boldness of a Peter or Paul they showed that the unselfish service and the good accomplished for Siam was made possible because Christ Himself lived in this beloved disciple.

Bangkok. (*Mrs. J. B.*) *Mary Dunlap.*

Considering woman's position in this country it is remarkable how many girls there are in our schools. Until very recently the Siamese have not considered a woman worth while educating and the Lao believed it very bad luck for a woman to be able to read. Christianity is elevating the woman of the country to her rightful position.

Lampang. (*Rev.*) *J. L. Hartzell.*

# Our Missionaries in Siam

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# The Present Moment in Siam

(Mrs. W. G.) Jeanie H. McClure

Did it ever occur to you that Muang Tai, as Siam is called, is large enough to contain Palestine twenty times over, and almost cover Germany? We read of the awakening of the Orient, but where do we find more interesting signs of awakening than in this little kingdom? Her railroads are pushing out from fine new stations, North and South, making Chieng Mai and Tap-Teang neighbors, while a network of schools that includes every important town spreads over the land, following the same code as the one hundred and six Government Schools in Bangkok. With electric lights and tram-cars; carriages and automobiles; telephones and wireless; even an aviation camp, Bangkok is rapidly becoming a modern city. Since the new water system has been installed there have been no epidemics of cholera or plague, though a few cases are reported from time to time.

Who ever heard of a greater piece of work than was accomplished when Siam declared war against the Central Powers? She waited until the United States made her great decision, and then, quoting from President Wilson's speech, she took her place among the Allies quietly one Sunday morning before breakfast. She placed her standard on the masts of the nineteen German vessels in port, interning every German in the Kingdom, setting a guard about every German residence and place of business. We found our church closed and guarded by soldiers. They evidently thought it had something to do with the nearby German Legation, where the Minister, unwilling to risk the terrors of the mine-strewn deep, refused to accept safe (?) conduct home. On assuring them that we had nothing to do with the Legation, we were Americans, they allowed us to open the church and conduct the customary services, while showing considerable curiosity as to our teaching. We gave them Christian literature and Luke's Gospel, furnished by the Bible Society, during the three weeks in which His Excellency was making up his mind to depart. Later all the confiscated goods were sold to defray the expenses of the internment camps, and suspected spies were given a free pass to China.

What are they doing to help now that they are in the war? They are

giving of their splendid teak forests for the Allies' ships; they are sending rice and foodstuffs to feed the soldiers; they sent a company of volunteers for the aviation corps; medical men and mechanics are equipped for service; and German propaganda, newspapers and all, is rigidly suppressed.

We feel war conditions in the price of all imported goods and foodstuffs. We depend on Europe and America for flour, milk, butter, and other tinned goods; sugar comes from China. Everything we eat has increased in price, as it has done in America, but as long as we can get rice we shall not starve, and there is also a variety of fruits and vegetables. Goods bearing the legend "Made in Germany" are rapidly disappearing, and American goods are beginning to take their place.

We can prove that there is life in the Church of Christ in Siam by our eleven Stations, with over a hundred missionaries, eight ordained Siamese pastors, three hundred and forty-one assistants and teachers, with about eight thousand communicants in forty-one churches, whose offerings amount to $47,729. Only one-sixth of the whole number of communicants are in the South Siam Mission. This is because of the difficulties of the work where Buddhism has her stronghold, and where evil influences have come in with the many Europeans who leave their religion behind them when they come to the Orient.

"We have everything at Petchaburi but a missionary's grave and the Lord Jesus saw we had need of that," said Jennie Small, as she fell on sleep twenty-eight years ago. Yes, the missionary graves are needed and will prove a blessing in Siam. Dr. Dunlap's resting place is in the midst of the Siamese graves, according to his wish, like that of Dr. Wilson of North Siam and others who are buried there. What a precious legacy to us all! Dear Mrs. Dunlap continues her work. This needs no commentary.

In the great World War we speak more of the victories than of the casualties, and so should it be in our war. Hear this from Petchaburi: "M—— has at last yielded herself to Christ, with others. A true heavenly blessing attended the Conference." Then the wife of Kru Phong of the Boon Itt Memorial, was cured of that usually fatal, awful plague. The Christians prayed while Kru Phong administered the medicine regularly every ten minutes, without fear of contagion. Pray that God will grant these two a vision of what He wants them to do for the Boon Itt Memorial. Boon Itt's son continues his studies at Silliman Institute in the Philippines and gives promise of being a helper of great usefulness in the Master's work. The new American Adviser to the King and his wife are Presbyterians. The interest they are showing in our work will be an inspiration.

We rejoice with the Harriet M. House School in the return of Miss Blount at a time when she is so much needed. Her mother, who accompanies her, will find a warm welcome awaiting her. They are planning gardens and fruit trees at the new place and the work is going on slowly on the building. Think of gardens and fruit and scores of lotus lilies for all, when they have been so scrimped and crowded for years! These splendid young women are the hope of our Church and Siam.

The latest reports from Bangkok Christian College are wonderfully encouraging. All available space, hallways and teachers' rooms are full of beds. The dining hall is made a third larger, while yet more chairs had to be added to those already in the chapel and still twelve small boys sit on eight chairs in some of the rows. A new chapel, a new dormitory, more land and more teachers. Why should these mission schools so outgrow their equipment when Bangkok is full of Government schools already equipped? They insist on the Bible from Genesis to

Revelation, daily chapel services and all the rest. The hand of God is in this and in all the forces that make for righteousness at the present time.

Can you realize what it means to the work that Kru Bluang is called to the pastorate of the Crit Sampantawong Church, with salary more than provided from the membership of the church? The members of this church are mostly students and teachers of the College, and such are never wealthy. Eight splendid young men have just been received into this church the last communion season. Only the Holy Spirit can keep them in the Way. At the request of the students two new Bible classes have just been organized. The entire Bangkok station has resolved itself into an Evangelistic Committee, meeting on the third Monday of every month to consider evangelistic problems.

His Majesty the King of Siam. Photo given by Miss Bertha M. Mercer.

A year ago the Siamese Government sent twenty young men and two young women to the United States to be educated. There are now about forty Siamese students in this country, learning our ways and incidentally our Christ. Let us give them our very best. Can you imagine with what joy we found waiting for us at the San Francisco pier last February three young men from the Bangkok Christian College? Many others are looking with longing eyes to this land of their dreams. May not this be part of the plan for bringing Siam to know the Truth?

At last the new station in the regions beyond the borders of Siam is opened and the Light shines out for many millions more of the Tai race. What will one station be when the people are counted by the millions? When will the two and a half millions in the eastern part of Siam be reached? There are those willing and ready to go to this new field, but the need is so great in the Capital they can not well be spared at present. How much longer must they wait?

At Chautauqua this summer the flags of the Allies were placed in the great Amphitheater with impressive ceremonies. How it thrilled us to see there the tri-colored flag of Siam, with the white elephant in the center, as much at home as ever he was in his native jungle! Yes, Siam is on the side of righteousness. God grant she may get the vision of a Crucified Saviour.

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Everyone in Chieng Mai has simply more opportunities than he or she can compass and the only solution is trained native ministers, trained native doctors and nurses, and trained school teachers.

Members of Petchaburi Station. From left to right: Dr. L. C. Bulkley, Constance Bulkley, Mrs. L. C. Bulkley, Dorothy Bulkley, with doll over twenty-five years old, Rev. R. W. Post, Miss Bertha M. Mercer, Mrs. P. A. Eakin, Rev. P. A. Eakin, Mrs. J. A. Eakin, Katharine Bulkley, Rev. Dr. J. A. Eakin. In the background is Palace Mountain.

## How We Sow the Seed in South Siam

Ruth O. Eakin

As "chop suey" and "noodles" are about all that some people know of Chinese, so knowledge about Siam often ends with the White Elephant and the Siamese Twins! So I should like to tell about an unfamiliar town of Siam, Singora, on the east coast of the Malay Peninsula. The long town-market is on both sides of the main street, two-story shops, some of dry goods and notions, from pins and buttons up to pretty voiles and beautiful silk-embroidered scarfs; hardware and drug stores, restaurants, saloons and opium dens; vegetables and fruits; fish and meat.

A beautiful inland sea extends back of the town and launches, owned by Europeans, meet steamers that call at this port, but must anchor out in the Gulf. There is a rice mill, ice factory, locomotive works, quarry and a wireless telegraph station. Singora is a prominent port for the East Asiatic Shiping Co. Good tin and wolfram* mines are to be found a short distance from the town, to which many are looking with anxious eyes. With four evangelists and the wife and nine-year-old son of one of them, we board the Trang-Singora Fast Express. We take

*Tungstate of iron and manganese.

with us portions of Scripture, tracts and Bible picture-cards, besides our necessary luggage of bedding, provisions, pots and kettles, etc. The journey seems long, the whole day, but much more pleasant than that of a few years ago, when the trip had to be made by elephants or ox-carts. We finally arrive in Singora, load all our luggage into a hand-cart and set out for the little Siamese house which is to be our headquarters.

The next morning we start off to the market with our large biscuit tins full of books and picture-cards, our small folding-table, camp chairs and picture scrolls on the life of Christ. The table is set up, portions of Scripture, tracts and picture-cards placed upon it, and a picture scroll is hung up on one of the posts. Crowds of people visit this and the fish market across the street in search of their day's provisions. Our service is opened with a hymn, followed by prayer, and as we raise our heads we see a good company of people gathered around us, curious to see what we have to sell and what that *mem* (madam—for the missionary) is doing there. The *mem* thinks it best to let the three men do the preaching, so she takes charge of the books, keeping an eye open for women who might seem interested and seeking the way. The three men take turns preaching, occasionally using the picture scroll or books on the table before them. Two of these men have been in the priesthood and know Buddhism thoroughly, but have the Gospel of Jesus Christ so grounded in their hearts that it is a joy to them to tell others the way, and they put their whole hearts into their work.

It is interesting to watch the faces of those who come to listen—some, hearing the story for the first time, seem to see in it something for them and a feeble light begins to shine in their eyes. Others say it is the "foreigner's" religion and turn away. Another class, having heard it before, come for more books, while others have come to criticise. Everyone, especially the children, seems captivated by the picture-cards and the *mem* is kept busy handing out cards and receiving the pennies, for we have found that they think more of the things they pay for. The explanation of the picture is printed on the back of each card. The audience dwindles down until by eleven o'clock practically no one is left, so we pack up our books, ask permission to leave our table, chairs and picture scroll at the Chinese restaurant across the street and make our way back to our little cottage. In the afternoon we hold another service.

So the days pass, with services in the same place morning and afternoon. The audience is different, practically, each day, although some familiar faces appear. Some nod assent to remarks made by the speaker and questions are asked, a few getting up courage and interest to go back and talk with the two men who are not preaching. A few come to the house to talk further with the evangelists.

A week has passed. All our two thousand picture-cards have been sold. Some Government clerks, officials and teachers, having heard of the services, make up among themselves questions to ask the evangelists, choose their spokesman and come to argue and find out how much the men know. The evangelists are equal to the task and hold their ground until they have silenced their disputers; however, each afternoon such a company visits our preaching place. The evangelists, having a better knowledge of Buddhism than many of the contestants, are able to lead their minds away from Buddhism towards Christianity. The head man of the market asks Kru Sook, who is preaching, "What religion do you believe in?" "Christianity," replies the Kru. "Oh," continues the man, "are you a Siamese? Why are you believ-

ing in the foreigner's religion?" The Kru calmly asks, "Where was Buddha born?" "In India," comes the answer. "Then you are following the Indian's religion, are you?" The man feels a little disturbed, asks further questions in dispute and finally walks off.

Four evangelists, Nai Pree, Nai Choon, Kru Sook, Nai Loop. The two middle ones were with Miss Eakin at Singora. Photo. sent by Miss Ruth O. Eakin.

Another day some men ask Nai Choon, who is preaching: "Why are you preaching as one of our priests? What are you after?" The answer comes swiftly: "I seek nothing but sinners—the salvation of sinful men." Another asks, "If a war should arise between Siam and another nation, would you fight for Siam?" The answer comes quick as a shot: "I would be there before you, sir!" It seems unwise to forbid the arguments and we believe many will be set to thinking as they never have thought before. The many other questions asked, some going into theology, show that Siam is awakening and is beginning to think. Many who come are agnostics, skeptics, seeming to have no religion, and we can only hope that the seed is sinking into their hearts.

One afternoon we take Mrs. Sook and try to do some visiting in homes, but find such an atmosphere of opposition that nothing seems to be accomplished. A boy from one home is being educated in Bangkok and has written back to his mother asking her consent to his becoming a Christian. She replied that he would be disinherited if he took the step.

At the end of two weeks we pack up our things, say good-bye and board the train for home, regretting that there has been no actual ingathering, but knowing that the seed has been sown once more in prayer, faith and earnestness, and that we can only pray the Lord of the Harvest that He will make it grow and bring forth fruit. Our hearts are heavy as we think of this large town—only one of the many—with only three or four Christians that we know of, and that it can be visited only about once a year.

Friend in the homeland, will you not pray for these people and for us, the Master's messengers, that there may be love, faith, perseverance and tact in delivering the message?

TRANG.

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Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, said publicly: "American missionaries have done more to advance the welfare of my people than any other foreign influence."

# Acts of Modern Apostles

(Mrs. J. W.) Laura B. McKean

We had an apostolic prayer meeting this week: "For all the multitude kept silence and they hearkened unto Barnabas and Paul rehearsing what signs and wonders God had wrought through them." Some of the incidents told at this meeting are passed on to the Church at home that they may know that God is still witnessing amongst the heathen.

Picking roses in December at Chieng Mai. Photos. sent by Mrs. McKean.

Dramatis Personæ.

*Modern Paul and Mrs. Paul.*
*Modern Barnabas and Mrs. Barnabas.*
*Rev. Chi Ma, Native Pastor.*
*Nan Koona, Elder with stiff knee.*
*Nang Yoak, Woman healed by prayer.*
*Nang Chi, Woman who drank holy water.*
*Nang Boa Kam, Woman who was "hacked" by spirit doctor.*
*Carriers, assistants, cook boy and two horses.*

Act I, Scene I.

Chiengmai, Siam, Paul's compound.

Enter Paul and Mrs. Paul, Barnabas and Mrs. Barnabas. In the background, carriers testing weight of loads, cook taking a last look at his part of camp outfit, horse boys tightening girths on horses.

Mrs. Paul: Now, Paul, are you sure you have everything you will need? Handkerchiefs, socks, sweater, soap, towels, tooth-powder, brush and comb? It is likely to rain any day now, so have your raincoat and umbrella where you can get them readily.

Paul: Yes, dear.

(Mrs. Paul runs over a list of staples, such as salt, pepper, rice, vegetables, fruit, chickens, etc. The cook assures her he has a good supply of everything.)

Mrs. Paul: Well, you fellows won't starve! I suppose you will not be back as long as the food holds out.

Barnabas and Mrs. Barnabas at one side.

Barnabas: Well, goodbye, dearie; take good care of Barnabas Junior. It will not be necessary to change the formula of his milk until I come home. Keep a sharp lookout for hookworms and mosquitoes.

Mrs. Barnabas: Yes, Barnie, I'll be very careful. Don't worry about us. At the first sign that Junior is not well, I'll call in old Dr. Luke. Good-bye!

Paul and Barnabas mount, the carriers shoulder the camp outfit of cots, tables, chairs, pots and pans, and the caravan starts. In a few minutes the sophisticated city is left behind and for two weeks or more Paul and Barnabas enjoy the simple outdoor life of itinerant missionaries. Often this means spending the night in native huts with the family buffalo switching mosquitoes off his redolent body. (Native houses are built on posts several feet above the ground and often the domestic animals of the family are stabled underneath. Sounds and smells readily pass through the open bamboo floors.) Or it may mean jogging along through drizzling rain and slush, eating smoke-tainted food or camping for a night in a Buddhist monastery, where some zealous devotee thinks the beating of a gong throughout the night will aid his soul on the way to extinction. But, discomforts notwithstanding, JOY is the outstanding experience of such a tour. Witness ancient Paul and many a modern Paul as well!

There was the conference with Rev.

Chi Ma, the native pastor, reported to be ninety-one years of age, although he may be only seventy-nine. The Siamese method of reckoning years in cycles of twelve makes it easy to make a mistake of twelve by simply miscounting one cycle. Twice a year he *walks* to Chieng Mai, a distance of one hundred miles round trip, to give a report of his work. It is easy to get into the simple lives of these people. There was Elder Nan Koona worried over his stiff knees. He is only seventy-two, yet has great difficulty in getting up and down stairs, while here was Rev. Chi Ma, ninety-one, and still spry! He feared he must have some fatal malady that would carry him off before his time. But our Barnabas, who in this case was a physician, after feeling his pulse, listening to his heart and lungs, assured him he was quite sound and that the chances for living to a ripe old age were good.

More serious was the case of Nang Boa Kam. On her forehead were the scars of the spirit doctor's knife, in her heart the fear that she had committed the unpardonable sin. The provocation had been great—a serious illness, no Christian physician—their simple remedies had failed to give relief; her heathen neighbors with honest sympathy had urged the old familiar spirit doctor's "hacking" and she had yielded. So Paul and Barnabas prayed with and for her and God restored the peace of His forgiveness. Another poor soul was in like condemnation. Nang Chi had, in her distress, drunk Buddhist holy water. Would God forgive her and permit her again to sit at His table in holy communion? Let him who is without sin among us first cast a stone at these poor people who are cut off from any Christian medical assistance.

Paul and Barnabas attended a unique prayer-meeting. A Christian village of thirty-five households had for some time two chapels within a stone's throw of each other. (How history repeats itself!) The first had been built largely through the efforts of one elder and when a difference of opinion arose he used this fact as a reason why all should defer to his wishes. But those of a contrary mind said, "Your church it is; we will build one of our own." This they did, and over half of the congregation met in the new chapel. But neither of the congregations was happy in the arrangement and they finally agreed to forgive and forget. The second chapel was moved to the yard of the first, to be used as a school building. Then the united company met to ask God's forgiveness. Although twenty-seven led in prayer, no veiled hints that some one else was the greater sinner were heard, but each prayed for his own forgiveness.

Apostolic faith was also met and rejoicing over the return of the ninety and nine that had gone astray (this would seem a truer division of the hundred sheep!). Nang Yoak lay at death's door. Their few simple remedies had all been used without avail; the children were crying, *"Maa tai lao,"* "Mother is dead," but there was no frantic summoning of the spirit doctors. The father called in the elder and some Christian neighbors to pray with them (some heathen neighbors came also). The elder read the story of the woman who for twelve long years had sought healing in vain until she found it in Jesus, then they prayed. As they were praying the sick woman rose

Severance Dormitory, Chieng Mai.

from her bed and joined the worshippers. Her recovery dated from that hour. It was she who had given portions of Scripture to all her neighbors and when they expressed fear that if they took them some one would come later and demand payment, she agreed to pay all such demands.

Then there was a case of petty persecution to be adjusted. A small official, who thought his distance from the central government would permit him to ignore the proclamation of religious liberty, ordered the Christians to observe the Buddhist holy days. But Paul knew the law and could say to the offender, "Is it lawful?" and the trouble was ended straightway.

And so the days passed in "confirming the souls of the disciples and exhorting them to continue in the faith and that we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God."

Persecution, demon possession, spirit incantation, miraculous healing of the sick are not empty phrases in the mission field today. The days of miracles are not past. The acts of the apostles are still going on. The home Church should ever increasingly pray for the present-day Apostles and the coming of the Kingdom hastened.

CHIENG MAI.

## Bread Cast Upon Real Waters

EDNA S. COLE

On the Bangkok River.

THE rainfall in the North was unusually large last year and that, together with the highest tides of the year, caused greater floods than known for sixty years. Most of the streets throughout the City of Bangkok were streams of water. Street-cars and motor-cars could be used only on a few of the streets, and people were going everywhere in little boats. Even the beautiful boulevard that the late king had made when he returned from his visit to Europe was a stream of water, and boat-racing was a popular pastime on that noble street. Our own compound was from five to twenty inches under water during a whole month. The children had great fun swimming and bathing all over our place, but for us older people it was a time of worry and inconvenience and longing for good dry days.

But while Bangkok was enjoying water-sports the great rice-fields and the farmers were suffering greatly. The rice-crop decayed and a very small percentage could be used at all. The farmers were living on the roofs of their little houses, and saw the greater part of their earthly possessions floating away, and their buffaloes drowning around them. Gardens and orchards were destroyed in great numbers. The suffering was for a long time very acute all over the southern plains of Siam. Expression of sympathy and desire to help were never more universal. There was an outpouring of money and food. The government helped as best it could to give to the immediate needs of the people, and tried to save money enough to provide the farmer with seed-rice and buffaloes for the next season.

Our school children wanted to help, so they generously gave *Tcs.* one hundred and eight (forty dollars gold), which we decided to distribute ourselves. With this money we purchased seven *piculs* of rice, six hundred salted fish, three hundred salted eggs, two bushels of rock salt, about two bushels of green peppers, several bushels of dried onions and garlic, pickled garlic, one tub of fish-paste and two bushels of lemons. A wealthy Chinese friend

loaned us his beautiful motor-boat for a day, so early on Saturday morning two of our teachers, with Deacon Nark and myself, started in the motor-boat, having in tow a ferry-boat loaded with provisions. The whole school gathered on the landings to see us off, all wishing that they had been permitted to take the trip. It was a lovely morning, and we had decided to go only a few miles from Bangkok, where the farmers were suffering greatly; but owing to the height of our motor-boat, the high waters and low bridges, we were obliged to go fifteen miles down the river before we could get into a canal where the bridge was high enough for us to pass. Just as we were going into the canal we met a government official with a smaller motor-boat loaded with rice that he was taking to the district court-house to be distributed. We soon found out that we could not pass under that bridge, and then this official very kindly gave up his boat to our service. The whole place was a sea of water with only roofs of houses here and there to be seen. People were living in little boats or sitting on raised places an inch or two above the floods. Some were out in boats cutting any of the rice that could be used, tying it in bundles and tossing it on their roofs to dry. Even this poor rice had to be carefully watched, for thieves were stealing it wherever they could. When this unripe rice is dried it is carefully picked out off the ears, pounded in a mortar and again dried. It makes a passable food, but it does not take the place of well-ripened and milled rice.

Every place we stopped we were soon surrounded by little boats or rafts made from banana trees. We distributed to each family about five quarts of rice and a little basket made out of banana leaves filled with different provisions, a gospel tract and a bright picture card. At one place we came upon a cluster of twenty boats waiting for us, and, coming towards us in all directions were many more. One boat had members of five different families in it. Many were filled with old men and women, and the patient way they waited, each for his turn, for a day's supply of food, was pitiful. The district superintendent kept account of the people receiving food, and at night, when it was too dark to see more, we found, to our surprise, that we had distributed food to a hundred and sixty-seven families. We still had a little food left, but as it was too dark to see how to steer our way in those tortuous canals, we came homeward. Just as we came out on the river the great moon rose and the long trip home was filled with the glory of the night and the sad pictures of the day. When we reached home the only one who was awake of our great family gave us a hearty welcome. The next day the little food we had left was given to the very poor neighbors at one of our street Sunday-schools. The whole story had to be given to the children, and now it is given to you, dear friends who read

WOMAN'S WORK.

WANG LANG SCHOOL, BANGKOK.

Women transplanting rice plants in fields near Bangkok. All rice grown in S. Siam must be transplanted in this way. Photo. given by Mr. Clarence A. Steele.

# Mrs. Missionary Takes Charge

(Mrs. C. H.) Florence B. Crooks

Long before the eye of day appears Doctor Missionary is up and away. Mrs. Missionary comes down to her solitary breakfast. Presently a soft patter announces the approach of the table-boy. He has a disdainful look on his face, which is the first act of the charade he is about to present. Secondly, he solemnly lifts his left hand and wiggles his fingers. "Very well," says Mrs. Missionary, "If the eggs are in that condition we will dispense with them."

Breakfast over, Mrs. Missionary hurries upstairs, saying to herself, "I must get that letter off first, then—" "You certainly have not forgotten to mix up the bread," comes a polite call after her. While the bread is being mixed a shadow appears in the kitchen-door and a small boy comes in. He bows, flourishes a bottle—charade number two! Mrs. Missionary guesses food for baby brother. A telephone call comes from the head-assistant at the hospital who asks reproachfully if she is not coming to help with the hookworm clinic.

The hospital staff are all lined up in the improvised laboratory, looking very solemn. "Has any one died?" asks Mrs. Missionary, thinking that could be the only thing to account for such a funereal atmosphere. "No," said the head-assistant, "No one has died," in a tone of voice indicating that if any one had died it would be a small matter compared to the present calamity. He waves to the microscope saying, "There is something in there and we don't know what it is." "Dear me!" says Mrs. Missionary, "what a calamity to science to have something rare like this appear and the Doctor not at home." "That's the way it always happens when he is gone," remarks the second assistant. "I have it," said the head-assistant; "I'll draw a picture of it and Doctor can then tell us what it is." So the rest fall to and finish the tests.

Then comes inspection of the wards. When each patient is received he is put into a spick-and-span clean ward—no doubt the cleanest he ever saw. His attendants are given a lecture on the beauty of cleanliness. The same lecture is repeated every day when the rooms are inspected. This is Mrs. Missionary's part of the inspection, and goes something like this: "No, you must not keep your wood under the bed. Why is the patient down on the floor?" "He is not accustomed to sleep on a bed; it is not pleasant." "Put him on the bed at once; pleasant or not pleasant he must stay there. Have you swept your room and wiped up the floor as you were told? Well, no one would imagine it. Suppose you try it again." The people are no doubt bored to distraction; the West must teach the East to clean up. When the Doctor is away the head-assistant takes his place in the inspection, examining all the new and old patients, while the head-nurse gives in the report of each patient since the last inspection. First come the surgical wards and with wonderful skill and soft, sure touch, the head-nurse dresses these cases. In other wards are fever, dysentery, dropsy, etc.

Mrs. Missionary finds a crowd of people congregated on the veranda of the middle-class ward. A smell compounded of iodoform, chloroform and something boiling comes from the operating-room, which the second-assistant is preparing. When Mrs. Missionary comes in sight he gestures wildly at his throat, his chest, and his back, raising two fingers. Two patients and pretty bad, Mrs. Missionary guesses, as she hurries down the long veranda to the operating-room. The hospital staff clean up and the first case is brought in. A dozen of the relatives come in, too. Mrs. Missionary assures them that an operation is in the nature of a private affair, without invitations, but one person may come in, so the father

comes. With skill born of much patient training, the first assistant operates. Mrs. Missionary, as she hands him the instruments, glows with pride.

The gong rings, calling all to the chapel service, where the principal message is always, "This God for whom you have longed, the same we proclaim unto you." Service over a number of people are waiting to be examined, so Mrs. Missionary does not again see her household until long after lunch-time. Not that the household shed any tears over her absence—quite the contrary! However, they are grieved that she is so late to lunch. The rest of the day Mrs. Missionary spends between her household and the hospital. A baby is brought in unconscious, a hysterical woman must be calmed, food must be prepared, etc. In fact, the day Mrs. Missionary takes charge is marked with every kind of experience except monotony!

LAKAWN.

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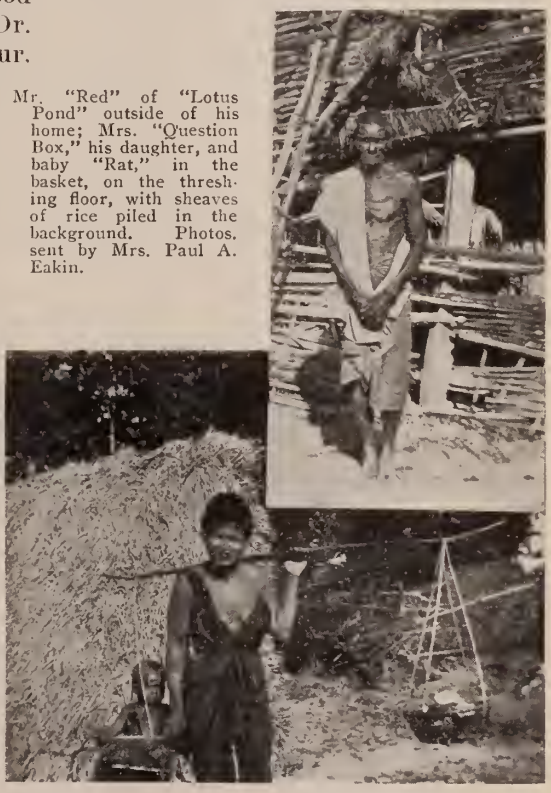
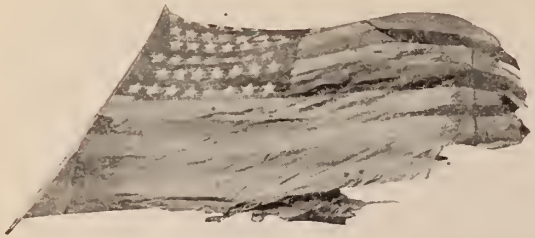
MR. RED IS AN INTERESTING MAN WITH AN INTERESTING HISTORY. He is about eighty years of age and not at all handsome, as his picture proves. He left his wife and children long years ago and started off to "find Religion." He entered the priesthood and went from one temple to another trying to find something that would satisfy his soul. While he was away his wife had heard the Gospel story, believed and had been baptized. Finally he left the priesthood and returned home. At that time Dr. and Mrs. Eakin were there on a tour. They had expected to pitch the tent by the side of the road, but a young woman urged them to come inside the fence and pitch the tent near the house, saying that she was sure it would be all right with the owner, who had recently returned to his home, but at the time was out in the fields. As the mother was a Christian and the daughter interested, the invitation was accepted. But Dr. Eakin learned that this man was very hard and cross and hardly knew what the consequences might be when he returned and found these "foreigners" helping themselves to his property. However, instead of any disturbance, the man went into the house and would have nothing to do with the strangers. Still he did two very strange things: he moved his bed to the corner of his house nearest the tent, and he lay awake that night listening to every word of the preaching service! The next morning he joined the little group of men talking together before breakfast. One of the young evangelists began talking to him and stayed right by him until he yielded. In March he came to the Conference for Christian Workers at Petchaburi and asked to be baptized, was enrolled as



Mr. "Red" of "Lotus Pond" outside of his home; Mrs. "Question Box," his daughter, and baby "Rat," in the basket, on the threshing floor, with sheaves of rice piled in the background. Photos. sent by Mrs. Paul A. Eakin.

# The Book Stall

*Do not order any of this literature from Woman's Work*



*Faith in the Flag* . . . . . 4 cts.
*A Land of Sorrow* . . . . . 3 cts.
*A Persian Pioneer* . . . . . 3 cts.
*The New Woman in Persia* . . . 2 cts.
*The Boys' School in Persia* . . . 2 cts.

*In the Home of the Nestorian Patriarch*, 4 cts.
By E. W. McDowell

A résumé of the story of the Nestorian church from its origin in the preaching of apostolic missionaries from Antioch. It tells of the faith kept through a thousand years of persecution, of the wise and honorable life led by Mar Shimmon, and of the culmination in the Patriarch's martyrdom on the plains of Persia, after a vain appeal to the Russians for aid to his perishing people. So closes the life of the last Patriarch and perhaps the last chapter of the story of the ancient Nestorian church.

*India's Royalty Favors Missions* . . 4 cts.
By Herma N. Clark

Quotations: "Agricultural training is one of the features of mission work which has brought keen interest from royalty. Since he has seen Mr. Higginbottom's work at Allahabad, however, the Maharajah is so desirous of having the same sort of thing in his own domain that he promises to support an agriculturist who shall be sent out by the Presbyterian Board of Missions as a missionary, and to allow him to do missionary work when off duty, though he is to be employed by the government."

*By Hammer and Hand*, . . . . . 25cts.
Abram Woodruff Halsey.
"By Hammer and Hand All Arts Do Stand"

This is the hour of hammer and hand. The call of the world today is for the creation of material things to replace those being destroyed in the holocaust of war. Never before were there as many people engaged in industrial work, never was there a time when the study of world industrial conditions was so opportune. In this booklet Dr. Halsey has given us illuminating glimpses of the work in the Presbyterian mission stations, the reason for their presence and, most important of all, their missionary value. It is an adjunct to the missionary work of the year and valuable as a stimulating source of information about Presbyterian missions.

Two Publications of
General Council of the Woman's Boards of Missions, *Hand Book*, 10 cts. A manual for Leaders of Synodical, Presbyterial and Local Auxiliary Societies, explaining the organization of Woman's Boards of Home and Foreign Missions.

*The Department for Associate Members*, Free. Also a leaflet of explanation, making clear this branch of our work under a new name.

SYRIA
*Living the Gospel in Syria* . . . 3 cts.
*In Syria* . . . . . 3 cts.
*Historical Sketch* . . . . . 10 cts.
*Boy Life in the Holy Land* . . . 2 cts.

CHRISTMAS
*Christmas of the Nations, Pageant* . 5 cts.
*The White Gift, a Christmas Story* . 2 cts.

REVISED
*Mexico and Guatemala Question Book* 5 cts.
*Schools and Colleges in South America*, 3 cts.

*Side Lights on Siam* . . . . . 5 cts.

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a catechumen, and so when we were there this year he and his son-in-law, another man with his wife and two children, all received baptism at the Sunday service. It is not at all an unfamiliar sight in the country villages of South Siam to see women returning from market carrying a *hahp*—the usual way of carrying small loads—with the baby in one basket and the produce purchased at market in the other. The accompanying picture of the daughter-in-law of Mr. Red was snapped when she stopped at the tent a few minutes on her way home. Little Miss Rat in the basket seems to be enjoying her ride.

*Gertrude Shearer Eakin.*

# NEWS FROM THE FRONT

## CHINA

Miss Helen Elterich writes from Chefoo: Last week I took the school children—a hundred and fifty of them—to the hills for their annual picnic to see the orchards in bloom. They carried flags and banners as they marched, for the Chinese dearly love a show, and enjoyed the outing most thoroughly. This coming Saturday is Girls' Field Day, held annually on the athletic field of the Baptist Girls' School. My school girls will take part as usual. The different schools have different uniforms, and it is a pretty and novel sight to see these girls take part in various contests, ending with a basket-ball game. I often wonder what the women spectators think as they watch the girls, for men, except a few fathers, are not admitted. What a change it must be from their childhood days! Near the playground I have made a small flower garden for the girls. They water the beds every day and are watching the plants come up. It is new and interesting work for them. Every Friday afternoon we American ladies and girls meet at some one's home for tea and knitting. I have made a muffler and two sweaters; Mrs. Corbett has kept six women employed making pajamas, for they can do the sewing better than we can, and are in need of and so grateful for the money. We have already sent off a large box to the Red Cross, and will shortly send another. My school teachers are knitting gratuitously for the Red Cross. The deaf girls in Miss Carter's school have also knitted a number of sweaters for the Red Cross. On Washington's Birthday we Americans in town, with the help of our Allies, gave a Red Cross entertainment. Our Temple Hill men's quartette sang, dressed as Colonials in black suits and white wigs. My brother Harold and five others gave a Sioux Indian War Dance by the dim light of a wigwam fire. It was very good and proved especially interesting to the Europeans in the audience. I took part in a Colonial dance, dressed as a Colonial dame, also in a tableau showing the making of the first American flag. At the end I helped to hold up the present flag in a patriotic American tableau, while the audience sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Our American consul is planning for another big affair on the Fourth of July. So in this small corner of the world we are keeping in touch with the rest of the world.

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Miss DeJong writes from Changteh: The great war in Europe is occupying so much space in the newspapers and in the minds and hearts of the people at home that I doubt whether many Americans know of the turmoil in China and the struggle which continues between the North and South. We had a taste of the "real thing" in Changteh. One day fighting continued from morning until late at night, the city changing hands four times, being finally left in the hands of the South. It was an anxious day for us all. School was in session and we held classes as usual. The mothers of the girls moved their families to our school gymnasium for safety. In the afternoon, I personally escorted the day pupils to their homes, as there was much wild firing on the streets. Shortly after returning to the Compound, the Northern army made a sally at our East gate and with shouts and screams charged past our school, firing at any one in sight. The girls were having their evening meal and rushed pell-mell to the gymnasium, where I found them huddled together. My presence restored confidence in a measure, and for one hour we stayed there together, singing and telling stories to distract the attention of the wee ones from the noise of battle. I could not but feel proud of their conduct that day. Only one girl cried, and she came to me saying, "Don't think, Miss DeJong, that I do not trust God to care for us, but I am nervous because I fear my mother is out on the street." [Later Miss DeJong was obliged to close the school and leave the city and wrote from Peitaiho: Our Red Cross is doing nicely. Our supply of yarn is exhausted, so we are knitting sweaters from camel's hair. I wonder whether they will be satisfactory.]

## INDIA

Miss Amanda Kerr wrote in May from Hoshyarpur: We have had a good deal of plague around us—it is very bad all over India this year, the people dying by thousands, but as we are somewhat separate, I thought we need not be alarmed. The Civil Surgeon sent me word that I had better have the school children inoculated. The next morning I went to see him about it, and he said he really thought it very necessary, so of course there was nothing to do but obey. The Assistant Civil Surgeon came and inoculated one hundred and one, including servants. The poor children are feeling very miserable, and the woman who looks after the boys is suffering a great deal. She goes to the surrounding villages daily, so it is well she has been done. One girl and one boy have suffered more than usual, but the most of them have not seemed to mind it so very much. Anyhow, now we shall feel safe. I was not done (the doctor would not permit it), but Miss Shields set the example! At the time of our special evangelistic campaign we had such interesting meetings—the teachers, matrons, older girls and either Miss Shields or I went out daily in two parties and visited seventeen villages, most of them twice, giving the message to about eight hundred women. We did not count men and boys nor little children. We cannot know the result, but the people nearly always listened well,

# With Presbyterian Young People

## A CHAT WITH AN OFFICER OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

Mrs. Dwight H. Day

*Delegate to Summer School:* There's an honest-to-goodness officer of the big New York Foreign Board over there on the dock; let's go over and get some points from him that we can use when we get home!

*Board Officer:* Yes, it's bound to be a tough year for missions unless we people at home—well, do you young ladies know that the British Foreign Mission Societies have received during the fourth year of war as much as, and in some cases more than, they received before the war began? Are we Americans willing to have them outdo us when we are only in our second year and haven't really yet begun to sacrifice?

*Delegate:* That question certainly appeals to our pride, Mr. Officer. I have heard that the British people are saying that Americans always measure up to an emergency.

*Officer:* Indeed our own American Foreign Mission Societies at the close of our Civil War were receiving more money for Foreign Missions than at the beginning, in spite of the awful sacrifices and waste of those years.

*Delegate:* I can see that it is certainly laid upon us to show in our time as much character as our ancestors did in theirs. We keep hearing that women play important parts in times like these. Maybe we girls have a bigger responsibility than we have appreciated. I am going to persuade our society not to fall down this year; but what arguments shall I make for increased gifts to Missions when we have so many other things clamoring for gifts?

*Officer:* Get the young people to see that the high purposes of the war positively cannot be achieved unless Christian principles are established among the nations of the world. Have you heard that quotation from Lord Bryce, who says right out, "Nothing but Christianity can eventually secure the world's peace." "War is surgery," but surgery alone isn't enough, the currents of life-giving blood must circulate to heal the wound, and when the great excision has been made for the world the healing streams of Christian life and good-will and brotherhood must flow to establish the health called peace. Shall we leave Oriental nations to take the worst we can set before them as their example, perhaps see them become armed with every mechanical device for war and then turn toward the West and overwhelm it with countless armies, or shall we energetically teach them the great underlying principles of Christianity, which alone can prevent war? Even if they do not become militarist nations they are bound to become industrially great, and unless they are permeated by Christianity they will use child labor and will exploit women to the shame of Christians in western lands who might have prevented all the degradation if they had been true to the command of Christ, and taught their Eastern brothers better. Nothing in the world can prevent and obliterate these evils except Christianity.

*Delegate:* But the War seems so all-important!

*Officer:* Indeed, it is all-important, and the Allies could scarcely do without missionaries in conducting it.

*Delegate:* What do you mean?

*Officer:* Didn't you know there were three hundred thousand Chinese coolies

behind the lines in France building railroads, digging and carrying burdens, thereby releasing the equivalent in man-power for the front? Our missionaries helped get these men together in China, went to France with them and are there today interpreting for them and shepherding them. I call that a direct service toward the winning of the War, don't you? And India has furnished over a million volunteers for the Allies. A missionary from that country has shown us that the work of Missions had a large part in influencing these men in this direction. Then our Government is doing two great pieces of work. The first and the supremely important thing is conducting the War; the second is to carry relief to starving and cruelly driven populations. In this latter work missionaries are absolutely indispensable. Without the brave men and women from America standing out there in Syria and the Near East between these people and death, our Government would be powerless to give aid. Our State Department is exceedingly anxious that this help shall be given and it has made plain to Mission Boards that their work in this regard is more important to the cause of the Allies than even putting additional munitions into France.

*Delegate:* You do make the work of Foreign Missions look absolutely necessary, and I wish I could get each member of our Society to contribute a little extra this year.

*Officer:* You have struck the point—"a little extra"—that is just what each one of us must give this year. The total amount that would be ordinarily required is about $2,750,000. This represents a great stream of money, but the stream cannot flow in full volume unless every little rivulet contributes its share. Let no one say "My dollar or my five dollars will not be missed if I do not give it." The great sum can only be made up by putting together all the little sums. And foreign exchange is now so much more costly that it takes a lot more United States money to buy the same amount of money in other countries that formerly was purchased. In China and Persia, for instance, it will take this year almost double the amount of U. S. money to conduct the same amount of Mission work as in the year before the War. This is because the price of silver has gone up to such an extent; these countries have only silver money, you know. Then look at the prices now paid for food, transportation, etc. It formerly cost about $250 for one ticket to China. It may now cost as much as four or five hundred, and that is just one detail. Let me give you this quotation from a missionary's letter: "We have been telling our Biblewomen how our people in the United States *are sacrificing* on account of the War, giving to the relief funds, paying the taxes, etc., and that our Mission Board does not have the funds it would like to send out to us. And because the money we do receive from the Board does not now produce as much silver money as it formerly did for us to use here, we must dismiss some of our splendid native women Bible teachers. We hate so to let them go! They have been so self-sacrificing and they do such a wonderful work throughout their districts! But we do feel so keenly for you at home, trying to meet the many calls upon your purses!" Can any of us in this country read such letters without a deep sense of unworthiness and shame?

*Delegate:* No, indeed, I feel ashamed myself! To think that our dear missionaries, sacrificing as they are and risking their very lives, are expressing sympathy for us at home when we have not yet really begun to make any downright personal sacrifice! Well, I think some of us, at least, this year will try to live up to what that missionary thinks of us!

# HOME DEPARTMENT

## Jubilee Prize Contests

WANTED—A JUBILEE SONG—stirring and with the Jubilee campaign ring, which all may learn by heart and sing from the heart at meetings from now on; a terse hymn of aspiration and faith in accurately metrical verse, of genuine poetic quality and of lyric character, without the poetic license which is allowable in verse to be read but which makes lines unsingable, adapted for singing to some modern and well-known tune. For the song chosen as best meeting all requirements a prize of twenty-five dollars will be given. No manuscripts will be considered which do not reach this office by January 31, 1919. They should be addressed, WOMAN'S WORK, Jubilee Prize Contest, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Literature giving all information about the Jubilee may be obtained from the offices of the various Woman's Boards, *not* from WOMAN'S WORK.

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THE NEW YORK BOARD is offering a prize of fifty dollars for the best design for a Poster to celebrate the Jubilee of the Woman's Foreign Boards. The subject of the poster should be *Fifty Years of Foreign Missionary Service,* emphasizing the evangelistic service rendered during fifty years by the women of the Presbyterian Church. The size of the poster should be 20 inches by 24 inches. Competitors should submit designs before January first, 1919. The name and address of the artist legibly written should accompany each design. The design will not be returned to the artist unless return postage is enclosed. Send to the Board's office for a Jubilee packet of literature. Enter the competition and submit your design to the Women's Board of Foreign Missions, Room 818, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

## CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

Aug. —, Rev. J. J. Boggs, from S. China. Address, 32 Vassar St., Springfield, Mass.; Miss Mabel L. Lee from Nanking. Address, Weedsport, N. Y.

At Seattle, Sept. 12—Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Ogilvie, from Peking. Address, 175 N. Grove St., Oak Park, Ill.

DEPARTURES:

Sailings in September were arranged for two groups of Missionaries, but the steamers were commandeered by the United States Government. At the date of this writing accommodations have not been secured for these missionaries. Their departure will be announced as usual, when they have actually sailed.

RESIGNATION:

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Wiltsie, of the Kiang-an Mission. Appointed 1915.

## NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

### *From Philadelphia*

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of each month at 10.30. Prayer-meeting, third Tuesday at 11. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

PRAYER-MEETING, November 19. TOPICS: *Our Young People's Work, Latin America.*

TRULY God is speaking to the Philadelphia Board in a mysterious way, calling from us a third valued member to the service above. On September fifth after a few days' illness, Miss Evelina Grieves entered the presence of the King. Elected in 1908 as one of the youngest Directors, Miss Grieves was soon filling the office of Secretary for Christian Endeavor Societies; later had charge of Children's organizations and served on the Editorial Committee of *Over Sea and Land.* For years she was a valued member of the Publication Committee where she had lately taken the chairmanship of the Leaflet Committee and wrote that she was "printing with joy." For the past three years she has been the *ideal* Recording Secretary of the Board of Directors and of the Executive Committee. Others recognized her ability and welcomed her in interdenominational work, especially where her influence would reach young women and girls. Miss Grieves was largely

instrumental in starting the Missionary Conference at Chambersburg. It was her hand that penned the account of the "New Northfield" in the last number of WOMAN'S WORK, but she did not speak of the enthusiasm with which she was received when she was presented by Mrs. Bennett of the Home Board, as the new Chairman. Her radiant personality, her love, enthusiasm, zeal and loyalty endeared her to all her associates. We counted on her for large future usefulness. Who, as when in the battle an officer falls, will spring forward to uphold the standard and "Carry On"?

WE have every reason for hopefulness, of the encouraging and even assuring kind, at the close of the second quarter of our year's work. All but two of our presbyterial societies have sent in their second quarterly statements, excepting some of those in the South. In nearly every case we are able to send to the Assembly's Board the amount due on pledges for the support of missionaries, and as this is a forward step in the direction of "Equal Quarterly Payments," we feel encouraged indeed. The receipts from presbyterial societies exceed those of last year at this time by about $4,000; the War Emergency Fund has a good start of over $1,700 received thus far, and while we cannot at this time report large receipts for the Jubilee Fund, yet the Jubilee spirit is manifesting itself in urgent inquiries from many directions in our territory, giving every evidence that our women will carry on Jubilee giving to the point of joyful sacrifice.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE announcement of the opening on September third of The Turner Hodge *Colegio Americano*, Merida, Yucatan, has been received, the name an entire surprise to those two ex-presidents of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. *Directora*, Miss Blanche B. Bonine, the faculty to include our Miss Jessie R. Bergens and Miss Lucile M. Sage, with Mexican assistants: the curriculum to cover a wide range of subjects especially attractive to Mexicans, a goodly number of students already enrolled. Many difficulties had to be overcome before the right house was found—large, imposing, central—and all the preparations made. The evidence of God's guidance and favor has been manifold from the first; the future of the institution largely depends upon our faithfulness.

## *From Chicago*

Meetings at Room 48, 17 N. State St., every Friday at 10 a. m. Visitors welcome.

PLANS for our Jubilee opened for the Board of the Northwest, and began to assume definite outlines on September 16-18 with a conference at Headquarters. On the first day there were addresses on The Jubilee: Its History, Plan and Scope, by Mrs. Williamson; The Student Program, by Mrs. Silverthorn; The Need of Volunteers, by Miss Hughes; How to Relate Young People and Children to the Jubilee Program, Mrs. McAfee, Miss Rumsey, Mrs. Bradt, Mrs. Johnston. Snap Shots from the Jubilee Fields by the Respective Secretaries, and address on Life Devotement: Our First Loyalty to Christ, by Dr. McAfee. On the second day was an Open Forum: How to Conserve for the Church the New Spirit of Sacrifice and Liberality called out by the war, conducted by Mrs. Silverthorn; How to Carry Out Our Jubilee Program: Enlistment for Service: Securing Jubilee Gifts, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Silverthorn. Third Day: How to Relate Missionary Education to Our Jubilee Program, Mrs. King; How to Relate Our Associate Members to the Jubilee Program, Mrs. Johnston; How to Relate Our Magazines and Other Literature to the Jubilee Program, Mrs. Lethen; Christian Internationalism, Dr. McAfee.

OUR missionary visitors at Room 48 for the month were Miss Buck, of Lakawn, Siam; Miss Alma Eaton, *en route* to Japan; Mr. and Mrs. Coan, returning to Chosen; Mrs. John Forman, of India; Miss Henrietta York, of Guatemala; Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, of Meshed, Persia. We were especially glad to hear from Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, as so little comes through from Persia. Their journey home was a long one, seventy-two days for the first stage of the journey from Meshed to the nearest railway, on mule-back; then across the deserts on camels that had brought supplies to the British soldiers, twice lost in the desert, many times guided only by telegraph poles. They left Meshed in the winter and arrived in Seattle on August 26th. Two hundred new missionaries for Persia is one of the aims of the Jubilee.

THE DEATH of Mrs. Sarah J. Rhea was announced on Friday morning, September 13th. Mrs. Rhea was a former missionary of the Board of the Northwest in Persia, where her husband, Rev. Samuel A. Rhea, lies buried. After her return home she was one of the strong members of our Board, where her whole soul was thrown into the work. Her face was ever radiant with the Divine fire, and her voice, always an inspiration, was consecrated to the service. She received her call *Home* in Pasadena, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. G. Wilson.

WE have welcomed at our Board Rooms another Field Secretary, Mrs. Mary R. Doolittle, and bespeak for her a most cordial welcome from our constituency. It takes both the flint and the steel to make a spark.

## *From New York*

Prayer-meeting at 156 Fifth Ave., cor. 20th St., the first Wednesday of each month, at 10.30 a. m. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and reading of missionary letters, commencing at same hour. Literature should be obtained from Room 818, 156 Fifth Ave.

THE NEW LEAFLET published by General Council of the Woman's Boards of Missions regarding "The Department of Associate Members" should be in the hands of each society.

It answers all questions as to how to organize and carry on this important part of our work. This is something we cannot af-

ford to neglect. It often brings unexpected returns besides accomplishing the avowed object.

Let every local society which has not tried it *do it now.*

A SECRETARY of the Home Department of the Board suggests a good plan for societies which find it difficult to hold meetings in the winter. Send a round-robin letter containing the latest leaflets, missionary letters, etc., each month from the secretary of the society. Enclose a list of members, each member to read and then mail the leaflets to the next on the list, thus keeping up a feeling of organization and of interest in missionary activity. This, combined with an envelope system for contribution, might serve in small societies as a substitute for winter meetings when these are impossible.

ONE of the most inspiring gatherings of the year was the Young People's Rally in connection with Annual Meeting of Utica Presbyterial Society, when more than four hundred young people, representing fourteen churches and twenty-four societies, were gathered together for dinner, for fellowship and inspiration. It meant work for the presbyterial Young People's Secretary and for all those connected with the meeting; but it can but mean, also, a new era for young people's work in Utica Presbytery.

## *From St. Louis*

Meetings first and third Tuesdays at 10.30 a. m. Visitors welcome. Room 707, 816 Olive St., St. Louis.

FALL meetings opened up fairly well in attendance. Not many of our officials had taken a vacation and things ran along in summer, as if, like the little brook, they had run forever. Secretaries met and discussed plans, exchanged ideas on methods as enthusiastically as if starting out on something for the first time, which is the right way to keep out of ruts. Letters came in from the territory just as if it wasn't summer at all, and we infer that when one-half of our dear women said to the other half—"Did you go away this summer?" the other half cheerily answered, "No, we stayed at home to rest." One of us said, rather often we thought, "Friends, I am at last *great.* This summer made me a G. G. M. The little fellow came in August and is the finest ever!" You all know her.

WELL, summer is over, and we are hearing from our Synodical meetings. The advance programs, which were sent to Headquarters, gave promise of good meetings and the promise is being justified, as delegates have opportunity of telling. A fine Synodical meeting is a fitting place from which to start out to do impossible things. You may remember that a much experienced soul asked, "What is a Christian for but to do impossible things—in Christ?" The last two words tell the secret.

BIBLE INSTITUTES are in full swing. We cannot help repeating that it is wonderful and gratifying to note the interest which our young people are taking in the study of the Word. In that interest lies a mighty promise for the church today and a greater one for the church tomorrow.

AT A RECENT meeting a beautiful letter was read from Miss Lucy Starling, principal of the Girls' School in Nan, N. Siam. A part of the Jubilee money had arrived, that the very most needed and imperative work could be begun right away. She writes so happily and gratefully in her acknowledgment of it, and will be patient as to the rest of the money.

WE WERE glad that a chair vacant for months was again occupied by our Guild Secretary, Mrs. W. Short, who had felt it wise to take a needed rest. We all missed her, and hope the rest will hold good for many a day.

MRS. DAVID BIGGUS, perhaps our oldest member, spent her ninetieth birthday in Detroit. It is only recently that she absented herself from our meetings. To some of us she is one of our special blessings. She still has so much of heart and brain that it is good to sit close to her and talk just as we talked when she was in her sixties or fifties and perhaps lay before her some bit of perplexity which we want ironed out. She can do it. God has been good to her in preserving so clearly the faculties which have endeared her to those who call her friend.

## *From San Francisco*

920 Sacramento St. Meetings first Monday of each month at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive session third Monday. Prayer Service first and third Monday from 12 till 12.30.

A RED CROSS AND MISSIONARY merger, the inspiration of Occidental Board's president, proved a great success at a special meeting, August 19th, arranged in honor of our Mrs. Harriette Eddy Hoskins and her husband, Rev. Dr. F. E. Hoskins, famous missionaries of Beirut, Syria. It was a joy to know Mrs. Hoskins face to face, as we have known and admired her for many years through letters and WOMAN'S WORK. As the women of the Bay churches rose and reported the splendid activities of their Red Cross Chapters and our missionary guests told of Red Cross work under the star and crescent, it brought the far corners of the earth together.

DR. AND MRS. HOSKINS told of the first Red Cross Chapter outside of the United States, established in Syria in 1908, by our Beirut missionaries. For eighteen months during the war this work continued under the missionaries. Starving people were fed, the streets were cleaned during a cholera and typhus epidemic, and an employment bureau and bazaar were opened for destitute women. Lines of fainting women waited to gain admittance with their beautiful needlework to display for sale. Catholic nuns were invited to bring their embroidery and had a table at the bazaar. Without this help the women would have died. But all this relief work was stopped by the Turks. Moslem women,

shut up in harems, have no means of learning news of their men at war. When their slender allowance stops they know the men are dead. Then they come to the missionaries for help. The Turks today accept the Red Cross and after the war tens of thousands of the Turkish people will know what this work stands for. Dr. and Mrs. Hoskins crossed nine warring countries, two years ago, to reach America, where they came to obtain relief for Syrian sufferers. They sailed in August for Egypt, via Hongkong. In Jerusalem, which is now twenty-four hours from Cairo, Dr. Hoskins will assist in Syrian relief through the British Red Cross. He is also given charge of all the Bible work in the Levant by the American Bible Society, and is working on the Arabic translation of the Bible, still under our Presbyterian Board. Out of Bibles sold and distributed in Oriental lands, three-fourths are bought by Moslems.

Red Cross Day was also distinguished by an able address on the "Spiritual Side of Food Conservation," by Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, and on the "Spiritual Side of Women's Work in the War," by Prof. Geo. H. Robinson, who cited Deborah as the Hebrew Boadicea whose Song's theme was patriotism, while she gave all the glory to God.

## *From Portland, Oregon*

Headquarters, 454 Alder St. Meetings: Board of Directors, on first Tuesday of each month at 10 a. m.; visitors welcome. Executive Session, third Tuesday of each month at 10 a. m. Literature to be obtained from Miss Abby S. Lamberson at headquarters.

We held our first Directors' meeting on the first Tuesday of September and our first Executive Committee meeting since vacation. Our societies will be asking, "What are the plans for the winter's work?" Miss Lamberson, Secretary of Literature, and Miss Vida S. Nichols, Secretary for Missionary Education, have already sent out communications, which you have received, setting forth plans, and other secretaries will doubtless have sent out their fall letters of information before this meets your eyes.

Please study, discuss and put into execution so far as possible the suggested plans. We feel that we should "go over the top" in the ten per cent. advance in subscribers asked for Woman's Work and *Over Sea and Land*. Note Miss Lamberson's suggestion that the latter be offered as a prize for regular attendance in the primary and junior departments of the Sunday school. Make a study of the "Book Stall" page of Woman's Work and order the literature you wish from Miss Abby S. Lamberson, 454 Alder St., Portland. Miss Nichols writes you, "Please don't let me hear you say that your women are too busy doing Red Cross work to take up missionary study this fall. The two should go hand in hand." Apropos—if you have not read the article in July Woman's Work entitled *The Red Cross or the Missionary Society—Which? Both!*" by Mrs. B. A. Thaxter, you should do so at once.

You will be hearing much from now until April, 1920, about "The Jubilee" which will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Presbyterian Woman's Boards. The topic to be advanced is "The New Era." We want to help our Master bring righteousness into all the world after the upheavals of this awful war. We want to help establish His Kingdom in every land, and to help Him establish justice, mercy, brotherly love and kindness among all mankind. "He that sitteth on the throne saith, 'Behold I make all things new.' "

Mrs. Eva Ballis Douglas arrived here from Persia the middle of September. It will be remembered that her husband, Chas. A. Douglas, died early in February from typhus. She was ill with the same disease two days before he died, and recovered only after six weeks, being herself at death's door. A famine caused an epidemic of typhus. There were, she says, three causes for this famine: the Turkish army confiscated the grain crops; a severe drought swept productive regions and the wealthy Persians hoarded all available supplies. It was thought best by all that she come home to recover from the shock of her affliction, and to regain her strength, after which it is her desire to go back to her work in Persia. She started from Teheran early in April. The first stage of her journey—twelve hundred miles from Teheran to Bagdad—was made in a Ford as the guest of the British army, being in the company of two English families who were considerate of her in every way. Roads were very rough; bridges blown up and other hindrances caused by war conditions kept them on this part of the journey a month. From Bagdad the route lay through Mesopotamia, Persian Gulf, India, Hongkong, Japan to Seattle. Mrs. Douglas is in Portland at her brother's, will be surrounded by loving friends and she is sustained in Christian fortitude. The long water trip did much to restore her health.

A cable dated Bombay from Mr. E. T. Allen of Persia reads: "Mrs. Allen and children sailed September first from Calcutta for Hongkong. I go back to Hamadan, Persia." Evidently his heart drew him back to care for the remnant of Christians who fled to Hamadan from Urumia.

## RECEIPTS TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1918

By totals from Presbyterial Societies

### The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Athens, | $74.25 | Blairsville, | $376.00 | Clarion, | $340.50 | Cumberland Mountain, | $5.30 |
| Baltimore, | 320.63 | Butler, | 304.00 | Cleveland, | 904.40 | Elizabeth, | 357.00 |
| Beaver, | 257.00 | Chattanooga, | 97.60 | Columbia, | 88.00 | Erie, | 363.10 |
| Bell, | 9.88 | Chester, | 568.65 | Columbus, | 614.25 | Florida, | 11.00 |
| Birmingham, Ala., | 33.45 | Cincinnati, | 685.63 | | | | |

| | |
|---|---|
| Gadsden, | $16.80 |
| Holston, | 46.98 |
| Huntingdon, | 855.86 |
| Huron, | 142.50 |
| Kittaning, | 844.60 |
| Lackawanna, | 546.03 |
| Lehigh, | 263.80 |
| Lima, | 127.80 |
| Mahoning, | 772.04 |
| Marion, | 404.26 |
| Maumee, | 146.27 |
| Monmouth, | 557.10 |
| Nashville, | 124.90 |
| New Brunswick, | 583.25 |
| New Castle, | 316.19 |
| Newton, | 249.92 |
| Northumberland, | 578.50 |
| Parkersburg, | 128.67 |
| Philadelphia, | 634.00 |
| Philadelphia, N., | 786.38 |
| Pittsburgh, | $2,843.92 |
| Portsmouth, | 204.00 |
| Redstone, | 786.05 |
| St. Clairsville, | 316.00 |
| Shenango, | 272.95 |
| Steubenville, | 551.75 |
| Union, | 153.50 |
| Washington City, | 580.00 |
| Washington, Pa., | 883.07 |
| West Jersey, | 288.50 |
| Westminster, | 315.73 |
| West Tennessee, | 122.00 |
| Wheeling, | 274.20 |
| Wooster, | 414.19 |
| Zanesville, | 327.41 |
| Miscellaneous, | 25.00 |
| Legacies, Interest on Investments, | 1,368.48 |

| | |
|---|---|
| For Regular Work, | $21,127.96 |
| From Legacies, | 1,000.00 |
| War Emergency Fund, | 865.08 |
| Latin America Fund, | 10.00 |
| Siam Fund, | 10.00 |
| Guatemala Fund, | 50.00 |
| Jubilee Fund, | 201.00 |
| | $23,264.04 |
| Total Receipts since March 15, 1918: | |
| For Regular Work, | $62,664.71 |
| From Legacies, | 8,965.27 |
| War Emergency Fund, | 1,665.68 |
| Jubilee Fund, | 251.00 |
| For Special Funds, | 711.18 |
| | $74,257.84 |

Anna Vlachos, *Treas.*,
501 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Northwest

| | |
|---|---|
| Aberdeen, | $150.00 |
| Adams, | 60.00 |
| Alton, | 218.00 |
| Black Hills, | 30.00 |
| Bloomington, | 619.40 |
| Boulder, | 388.35 |
| Box Butte, | 28.00 |
| Butte, | 45.35 |
| Cedar Rapids, | 426.10 |
| Central Dakota, | 78.00 |
| Cheyenne, | 25.00 |
| Chicago, | 1,567.69 |
| Corning, | 294.50 |
| Council Bluffs, | 118.00 |
| Crawfordsville, | 541.62 |
| Denver, | 451.00 |
| Des Moines, | 367.00 |
| Detroit, | 228.00 |
| Dubuque, | 224.23 |
| Duluth, | 436.00 |
| Ewing, | 205.13 |
| Fargo, | 73.71 |
| Flint, | 15.00 |
| Ft. Dodge, | 243.75 |
| Ft. Wayne, | 190.00 |
| Freeport, | 190.40 |
| Grand Rapids, | $87.00 |
| Gunnison, | 80.00 |
| Hastings, | 77.15 |
| Indiana, | 402.75 |
| Indianapolis, | 515.25 |
| Iowa, | 469.00 |
| Iowa City, | 190.50 |
| Kalamazoo, | 34.00 |
| Kalispell, | 20.00 |
| Lake Superior, | 101.00 |
| Lansing, | 91.99 |
| Lewistown, | 25.00 |
| Logansport, | 337.65 |
| Madison, | 137.00 |
| Mankato, | 190.45 |
| Mattoon, | 300.40 |
| Milwaukee, | 256.22 |
| Minneapolis, | 1,275.62 |
| Minnewaukon, | 26.40 |
| Monroe, | 179.00 |
| Muncie, | 277.33 |
| Nebraska City, | 257.80 |
| New Albany, | 302.10 |
| Niobrara, | 49.38 |
| Oakes, | 73.00 |
| Omaha, | 372.54 |
| Ottawa, | $306.00 |
| Pembina, | 66.00 |
| Peoria, | 442.00 |
| Petoskey, | 78.75 |
| Pueblo, | 581.50 |
| Red River, | 55.00 |
| Rock River, | 280.25 |
| Rushville, | 384.00 |
| Saginaw, | 94.00 |
| Sioux City, | 463.50 |
| Springfield, | $531 81 |
| St. Cloud, | 208.00 |
| St. Paul, | 757.00 |
| Waterloo, | 287.24 |
| Whitewater, | 291.00 |
| Winnebago, | 213.50 |
| Winona, | 106.75 |
| Miscellaneous, | 52.36 |
| | $18,541.42 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total Designated Receipts, August 16 to September 15, 1918: | | |
| Regular Work, | $18,474.42 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 55.00 | |
| M. D. Fund, | 12.00 | |
| | | $18,541.42 |
| Total Designated Receipts, March 16 to September 15, 1918 (Six months of fiscal year): | | |
| Regular Work, | $57,337.07 | |
| Special Work, | 117.00 | |
| Annuities, | 1,000.00 | |
| | | $58,454.07 |

Mrs. Thos. E. D. Bradley, *Treas.*,
Room 48, 17 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

## The Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

| | |
|---|---|
| Albany, | $250.00 |
| Boston, | 198.00 |
| Buffalo, | 224.00 |
| Connecticut Valley, | 2.00 |
| East Persia, | 14.16 |
| Jersey City, | 826.00 |
| Nassau, | 162.60 |
| Newark, | 217.75 |
| Newburyport, | 14.00 |
| New York, | $437.00 |
| North River, | 40.00 |
| Princeton, | 78.00 |
| Providence, | 32.00 |
| Rochester, | 485.50 |
| St. Lawrence, | 184.00 |
| Utica, | 158.50 |
| Westchester, | 135.00 |
| Miscellaneous, | 701.88 |
| Interest, | 335.58 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total from August 16 to September 15: | | |
| Regular, | $4,423.47 | |
| War Emergency Fund, | 72.50 | |
| | | $4,495.97 |
| Total since March 15: | | |
| Regular, | $32,997.94 | |
| War Emergency Fund, | 532.70 | |
| | | $33,530.64 |

(Mrs. James A. Webb, Jr.) Nellie S. Webb, *Treas.*,
Room, 818, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

## The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest

| | |
|---|---|
| Abilene, | $29.00 |
| Ardmore, | 7.50 |
| Arkansas, | 62.95 |
| Amarillo, | 162.25 |
| Austin, | 110 90 |
| Brownwood, | 57.00 |
| Carthage, | 290.00 |
| Cimarron, | 76.00 |
| Dallas, | 165.55 |
| El Reno, | 29.50 |
| Emporia, | 158.00 |
| Fort Smith, | 82.00 |
| Fort Worth, | 196.20 |
| Highland, | 239.65 |
| Hobart, | 40.00 |
| Houston, | $68.50 |
| Iron Mt., | 30.00 |
| Jefferson, | 33.60 |
| Jonesboro, | 24.75 |
| Kansas City, | 731.00 |
| Kirksville, | 52.00 |
| Little Rock, | 17.50 |
| McAlester, | 46.25 |
| McGee, | 207.00 |
| Muskogee, | 66.00 |
| Neosho, | 392.00 |
| Oklahoma, | 234.50 |
| Osborne, | 98.25 |
| Ozark, | 84.75 |
| Rio Grande, | 24.50 |
| Santa Fe, | $50.50 |
| Sedalia, | 152.00 |
| Solomon, | 165.00 |
| St. Joseph, | 133.41 |
| St. Louis, | 1,477.55 |
| Topeka, | $504.23 |
| Tulsa, | 125.00 |
| Waco, | 246.89 |
| Wichita, | 308.10 |
| Miscellaneous, | 11.26 |

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|---|---|
| Total for the month, | $6,991.14 |
| Total for year to date, | 14,973.17 |
| Relief Fund for month, | 61.00 |
| Relief Fund for year to date., | 213.00 |
| Million-Dollar Fund for month, | 561.75 |
| Million-Dollar Fund for year to date, | 1,302.75 |

Mrs. B. F. Edwards, *Treas.*,
Room 707, 816 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

## Woman's North Pacific Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

| | |
|---|---|
| Boise, | $71.00 |
| Central Washington | 312.70 |
| Columbia River, | 31.75 |
| Grande Ronde, | 29.79 |
| Kendall, | 43.65 |
| Olympia, | 204.00 |
| Pendleton, | 7.00 |
| Portland, | 656.35 |
| Seattle, | $845.95 |
| Southern Oregon, | 33.00 |
| Spokane, | 241.90 |
| Twin Falls, | 44.65 |
| Walla Walla, | 52.00 |
| Wenatchee, | 36.00 |
| Willamette, | 234.80 |
| | $2,844.54 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total Receipts for Quarter ending September 15th: | | |
| Regular Work, | $2,635.24 | |
| Ferozepore Hospital, India, | $197.30 | |
| Armenian Relief, | 12.00 | |
| | | $2,844.54 |
| Total Receipts from March 15th to September 15th: | | |
| Regular Work, | $5,111.02 | |
| Ferozenore Hospital, | 329.90 | |
| Armenian Relief, | 12.00 | |
| Jubilee Fund, | 10.00 | |
| | | $5,462.92 |

Mrs. C. M. Barbee, *Treas.*,
454 Alder St., Portland, Oregon.